

For the First Time in--Ever

by freaky-hanyou

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Summary: Because it's her first night together with Okita Souji, Chizuru also assumes that it will be her first night...together...with Okita Souji. But she isn't nervous. No; of course not. But she IS more than a little surprised when Souji has a little secret of his own to share with her... Oneshot Souji/Chizuru Adorable Smut Alert!

For the First Time in--Ever

Well hey there. I was going to write something not Hakuouki or Utapri, but Souji had other ideas. So be glad because Souji haha. Where did this come from, you probably aren't asking? It occurred to me just how young Souji really is (at least in comparison to the other captains besides Heisuke) and wellâ€¦this. Because yes. I'll just stop now.

One last thing though! In the beginning, I reference something from the Zuisouroku game that isn't super important but I'll explain anyway. There's an extra scene in that game when Souji asks her to marry him. But they get "married" because they're kinda both rasetu and where the hell would they go get married lol. I haven't played so I can't give exact details, but in a rough translation of my artbook, Souji says something like, "Like the beautiful blooming flowers, I think nothing is more dazzling than life and our time living. Therefore, I find more and more that I want to cherish right now. So, I want to get married." And Chizuru nods and it's cute.

Tl;dr: They're "married" XP

And this is a ****Lemon.**** So be warned.

Dislcaimer: Nope.

"Talking" thinking ((mee))

****For the First Time inâ€|Ever****

If you asked Okita Chizuru if she was nervous, she would most assuredly tell you that she was _not._ Because she wasn't.

Really.

That's what Chizuru kept telling herself as she sat across from Souji while they ate their dinner on their first night in their new home. It was also their first night as unofficial (yet totally official in Chizuru's opinion) husband and wife. And because it was their first night together, she also assumed that it would be their first nightâ€|_together._ She couldn't think about it (couldn't even _look_ at Souji for that matter) without her stomach exploding into nervous butterflies. She cleared her throat for the millionth time and reached out for her tea.

"Is there a problem?" she heard, and she looked up, reluctantly meeting Souji's concerned (and yet, still amused) emerald gaze.

Despite the acrobatics being performed by her stomach, Chizuru gave him a smile. "No; nothing's wrong," she replied in what she hoped was a reassuring tone, taking a sip of her tea.

"Really?" Souji said, "Because your hands are shaking," he observed, and Chizuru noticed that the teacup was shaking slightly as she set it back on the table.

Drat, she cursed herself, _Why must I keep acting like this? It's not like I'mâ€|_

"Nervous?" Souji asked, and her eyes shot back to his, noting the sly, almost wolfish grin that had taken over his features. Chizuru's face came alive with color, her eyes skittering away from his.

"N-No," she said with less surety this time, putting her hands on the table for emphasis. "I'm not nervous. Really," she added as Souji's grin only widened.

He put down his chopsticks, scooting to the side of the table so that she was within reaching distance. "I think you are," he said knowingly, cupping her cheek in one hand and tenderly running his thumb over her lower lip.

Chizuru shivered at his touch. "Not," she whispered.

Souji scooted even closer, his lips hovering inches away from hers. "Sure you don't want to change that answer?" he asked in a sultry voice, and before she could reply he leaned forward, closing his lips over hers in a steamy, lingering kiss that sent any and all thoughts fleeing from her mind. He pulled away, and she honestly couldn't remember the last thing he had said. Souji let out a low chuckle before resuming his caresses of her lower lip. "You're my wife now," he said quietly, a tinge of seriousness entering his voice, "And as my wife, you're not supposed to keep secrets from meâ€|please."

And just like that, any and all self-denial crumbled, and she clasped

his hand tightly to her cheek. "Souji" she said suddenly, meeting his gaze almost desperately, "It's not that I don't want to," she started, and his eyes filled with warmth before he tugged at her with his other hand, settling her into his lap. "I _am_ nervous," she finally admitted, and Souji's arms came around her waist tightly, letting her voice all of her thoughts. "What if I do something wrong? What if it doesn't work? What if I don't please you?" she whispered at the end, gripping his yukata tightly.

"Chizuru," Souji said earnestly, dropping a kiss to the top of her head before pulling back to stare deeply into her eyes. "Listen to me. It's going to be fine. I'll be gentle; you have nothing to be nervous about."

"But what if" Souji cut her off with a finger to her lips.

"Nothing," he said with more emphasis, "to be nervous about. Now, me on the other hand" he added with a small self-deprecating smile, "I have everything to be nervous about."

"_You?_" she said incredulously, breaking away from his finger on her lips, "You? Nervous? But why?"

Souji hesitated. Sensing that this wasn't going to be a joking matter, Chizuru gave him an encouraging smile. "You know, that whole 'not supposed to keep secrets' thing goes two ways," she pointed out.

Souji let out a small breath. "Well, if you put it that way," he said, enfolding her in his arms once again, "Try to contain your surprise, but I've never done this before, either."

"_Really?_" Chizuru said, fidgeting to meet his gaze, "You really haven't?"

"I said at least _try_ to contain your surprise," Souji said dryly, but she was not going to be discouraged.

"I mean, it's not like I mind or anything, but you" she trailed off, trying to figure out how to phrase her words, "You're so" "so"

"Irresistible, I know," he finished for her, sounding resigned to his fate, and Chizuru smacked him playfully on the shoulder. "It's not that I didn't have the opportunity," he explained, "Honestly I've been getting offers since before I knew what they were offering," he said with a wry twist of his lips.

"Then why?" she asked, and Souji's expression turned thoughtful.

"I don't know really," he said pensively. "Once I finally realized _what_ people were offering, at first I just wasn't interested. I mean, I was _interested_ but not ready," he confessed. "And by the time I was, we had already been the Shinsengumi for a long time, and I didn't want to risk anyone finding out." He gave her a look. "Can you imagine what kind of field day Heisuke and the guys would have had if they had found out that I was a virgin?" he asked. "So I just left the matter alone; it didn't really bother me until

nowâ€| he trailed off, his grip tightening on her slightly. "So you see," he finished quietly, "it's not really you that should be nervous."

"Soujiâ€| Chizuru said, eyes softening as she reached up to caress his cheek. "If I have nothing to be nervous about, than neither do you. Let's justâ€|figure it out together?" she suggested, and she gasped at the sudden heat she saw reflected in his eyes.

"Okay," he agreed readily, devilish grin returning, "How about we start right now?"

Chizuru spluttered, taken off-guard by his sudden switch from serious back to playful. "I, umâ€|okay," she said, and he abruptly pushed her down beside the table, settling himself over top of her as he met her gaze, his expression a combination of love and restrained desire.

"Don't worry, Chizuru," he said seriously as his lips came closer to her ear, "I said I haven't had sex; I didn't say I was completely ignorant." He turned his head, pressing slow, hot kisses to the corner of her jaw.

Chizuru inhaled sharply. "I trust you," she said, and Souji smiled before covering her lips with his. They kissed slowly at first; neither of them were in any particular hurry. Gradually Souji's kisses became more insistent, mouth moving over hers with a mounting passion. Chizuru's arms snaked around his shoulders, holding him to her as she opened her mouth under his. Souji groaned against her lips, pressing closer to her for a few moments before pulling apart to breathe.

He looked pointedly at the table next to them. "I don't think that we're in the most appropriate place for our first time," he pointed out. Chizuru let out a nervous giggle, and Souji stood, holding out a hand. He then helped Chizuru to her feet, pulling her towards their bedroom. Once there, he tugged at her hand, bringing her flush against him. Chizuru squeaked at the feeling of his growing arousal pressing into her stomach. Souji's arms settled around her hips as he bent to trail kisses down her neck.

"Better?" he asked, but Chizuru could hear the hidden message in his question: Is this alright? Are you okay? She smiled, tilting her head to give him better access.

"Yes," she whispered, answering all of his unasked questions before running a hand through his hair with tender affection. Souji relaxed against her and brought his lips to hers once again; one hand slid down her hip to cup her bottom, securing her even more firmly against him. Chizuru's hands clutched at his shoulders, focusing on keeping up with his fervent kisses. Souji's other hand slid up the curve of her waist, tugging at her obi until it was loose enough for him to remove, dropping it harmlessly to the floor. Souji pulled away just long enough to take a breath before his lips were back upon hers, his tongue lightly tracing her bottom lip. Souji guided her towards the futon through their kiss, distracting her with his lips and caresses. In another few moments Chizuru pulled back from Souji to find that they had reached their destination; Souji had somehow pushed her to the futon without her noticing, and he now hovered over her, encouraging her to lay back completely on the futon. As she laid

down, Souji caught the front of her yukata with gentle fingertips, pulling it open to bare her chest to his emerald gaze. Chizuru blushed, resisting the urge to cover herself as Souji's eyes burned her exposed skin. He moved to kiss her again, his hand sliding up her stomach to gently cover her breast. Chizuru's breath hitched against his lips, and Souji took this as a good sign, massaging her with both hands. Chizuru gripped the back of his yukata and pressed herself upwards into his hands, wordlessly encouraging him to give her more. He pinched her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, and Chizuru bit his lip in surprise; Souji winced, and she pulled away from him.

"Sorry," she said worriedly, but her eyes were so clouded with desire that despite her genuine tone, it didn't look very sincere.

Souji licked the small trickle of blood from his lip before giving her a devious smile, liking the way he could make her lose herself so effectively.

"Don't worry about it," he said, his kisses resuming on her collarbone, "I'll take it as a compliment." His hands busied themselves opening the rest of her clothing as his lips moved down to her chest, capturing one of her nipples between his lips and sucking gently. Chizuru's reaction was immediate, voicing her approval as a hand migrated back to his hair to further encourage him. Pleased, Souji increased his ministrations, one hand returning to her other breast as the other gently caressed her now-exposed inner thigh. Distracted, Chizuru's thighs opened on reflex, and Souji took the opportunity to gently cup her center with agile fingers.

Chizuru stopped breathing for a moment, silently begging Souji to do more. Souji pulled away from her chest to gauge her reaction. He pressed against her harder, and Chizuru made a soft sound of encouragement, pressing her hips downward into his hand.

"Soujiâ€¦" Chizuru said, and he tore his eyes away from the rest of her body to meet her gaze. "Pleaseâ€¦"

"Please what?" he couldn't resist asking. This was way too much fun.

"M-Moreâ€¦" she murmured, moving her hips again.

Souji's gaze moved back to his hand, his brow furrowing ever-so-slightly. He knew what he was supposed to do (he remembered vividly many a graphic story told by the other captains about what he was supposed to do), but when it came to doing it for realâ€¦

Souji's thoughts came to a screeching halt as he felt Chizuru's hand cover his. He looked up at her again, and she gave him a warm smile before she used his fingers to part her folds, pressing his fingers to a small nub just above her center. Chizuru let out a small moan as she pressed against him, moving his fingers in an increasing tempo. Curious, Souji took control of his own movements again, moving his fingers even faster. Chizuru moaned her approval, her hand falling limply to the futon.

"Souji..." Chizuru whispered, and Souji smiled wickedly, gaining confidence in what he was doing. Switching the angle of his hand, he

pressed a finger inside her, watching for her reaction. Chizuru squeaked, opening her legs wider as she gripped the sheets. Encouraged, Souji slipped another finger in, scissoring them as he kept up his previous tempo with his thumb. Chizuru's sporadic cries grew louder and more insistent before her hips abruptly snapped forward, crying out his name as her release overcame her. Souji watched her, mesmerized by her heaving chest and sweat-slicked skin, continuing his movements as he felt her inner walls close impossibly tight around his fingertips. He felt his arousal twitch in anticipation but he ignored it, opting to instead memorize everything about Chizuru in this moment.

In another instant she fell back completely onto the futon, eyes closed as she tried to catch her breath. Souji pulled away from her, brushing her hair out of her face as he hovered over her, smiling gently.

"Chizuru-chan?" he asked softly, and she opened her eyes, smiling up at him. She reached forward, grasping his cheek to pull him close, kissing him passionately on the lips. She held him there for a moment, demonstrating all of her love and compassion with her actions rather than words.

"Yes?" she said eventually, her tone conveying her happiness and contentment.

Souji bent to kiss her again. "Never mind," he said after he pulled away, "You answered my question." He dropped a kiss to her nose and she giggled, angling her head to capture his lips once again. Chizuru rolled them over, seating herself atop Souji's waist. She pulled away from his lips, and Souji raised an eyebrow as she freed her arms from her kimono and yukata, depositing them on the floor.

"What?" she defended with a stubborn blush, "They weren't covering anything. And besides, since you've seen all of me now," she gestured to her present lack of attire, "I think that it's only fair that I get the same privilege."

"Fair?" Souji echoed, eyes sparkling with mischief, "Well I'm not going to argue with 'fair;' if you want to ravish me, Chizuru, be my guest," he replied, settling himself more comfortably on the futon.

"Souji!" she scolded, blush deepening, "I didn't say Iâ€|wanted toâ€|" she trailed off, too flustered to continue.

"So you _don't_ want to ravish me?" he asked, waggling his eyebrows. He knew he had her.

Chizuru couldn't stop her blush from getting even worse. "You're horrible," she accused, and Souji's grin simply grew wider. At that moment, something clicked in Chizuru's mind, and she had the sudden inexplicable urge to wipe the smirk from his face: she wanted to make him lose himself, make him so crazy that the only thing he could say with that cheeky (and not to mention sexy) mouth of his was her name and her name aloneâ€"

Souji could see a new fire growing in Chizuru's eyes; she smiled seductively before bending to kiss him, and Souji was unsure if what he was suddenly feeling coiling in his stomach was nervousness or

anticipation. Her hands opened his yukata, nails delicately dragging down his skin, and the sensation shot straight to his groin.

Not nervousness, Souji decided emphatically as Chizuru's kisses moved away from his lips and down his chest. _Definitely not nervousness._ She looked up at him with half-lidded eyes, and Souji decided that he had never seen a more arousing sight. She came back up, absently nipping at his collarbone before kissing him until they were both breathless.

"Help me with the rest?" Chizuru asked softly, and Souji practically unseated her in his haste to rid himself of his clothing. After some more shifting, the remainder of Souji's clothes joined hers, and Chizuru settled herself lower on his legs, blushing staring at his full arousal.

Souji could almost see the wheels turning in Chizuru's head, watching with growing dismay as her nervousness from earlier returned. Despite his own fresh pang of nerves, Souji gave her a reassuring grin. "Chizuru?" he said, and her eyes shifted to his, her expression slightly panicked.

"Nothing to be nervous about, remember?" he reminded her, his smile turning sincere and warm. Encouraged, Chizuru nodded before refocusing her attentions on his lower extremities. Souji swallowed, stomach muscles quivering as she traced the defined 'V' of his abdomen with both hands. One hand slowly ventured lower, ghosting a caress over his arousal. Souji gasped sharply, and her eyes shot to his, worried at his reaction. Souji bit his lip but nodded in encouragement, voicelessly urging her to continue. Seductive smile returning, Chizuru slid both hands down his abdomen again, gently gripping his arousal with both hands. She brought them down in one firm stroke, and Souji's hips jolted upwards in response. Intrigued, Chizuru did it again, and a small groan escaped Souji's lips.

"Chizuru!" he murmured urgently, and she looked up to stare into his lust-tinged eyes, stroking him roughly one more time as she held his gaze. He groaned again. "Stop teasing me," he almost whined, green eyes sparking.

For a split second Chizuru considered doing otherwise but quickly changed her mind. As much as she would like to tease him until he was driven crazy with lust, their very first time wasn't the best time to do that. Luckily, there would be other times. _Many_ other times.

Chizuru's mind returned to the present. She wanted to do this right. But how? "What do I do?" she whispered, and Souji enfolded her hands in his larger one, showing her how he wanted her to caress him. She caught on quickly, breaking out of his hold as she gripped him firmly, hands moving with a quick, purposeful rhythm. A crimson blush splashed across Souji's cheeks and nose, and he could do nothing but watch, quickly becoming overwhelmed by the new and powerful waves of pleasure racking his body.

"_C-Chizuru!_" A strangled sound escaped his lips as Chizuru gently cupped his sac, and she watched in fascination as Souji's eyes pinched shut before shooting open, suddenly reaching out for her. "Chizuru!"

Confused, she let go of him, allowing him to sit up and enfold her in his embrace, settling her in his lap. He panted beside her ear, gripping her waist tightly.

"Souji?" she questioned, "Are you okay?"

Souji let out a breathless chuckle, pulling back to meet her eyes. "I'm fine," he assured her, his voice markedly rougher-sounding than usual, "I just didn't want to leave the party before it started." Seeing her confused expression, he just shook his head, trying another tactic. "Are you ready, Chizuru?"

Worry clouded Chizuru's eyes but she nodded, allowing Souji to gently guide her back to the futon, settling himself at her entrance. "I don't know if _I'm_ ready actually," Souji said honestly.

"Together?" Chizuru asked, and Souji smiled before kissing her tenderly, nodding once.

"I love you, Okita Chizuru," he said, kissing her again for good measure. Chizuru's eyes sparkled with happiness.

"I love you too, Okita Souji. Go ahead," she said, spreading her legs wider to give him better access. Souji nodded again before taking a deep breath, slowly pushing himself inside her. Chizuru gripped his shoulders tightly, nails digging into the skin as she felt a sudden burning discomfort that only worsened as she moved forward. Souji grew concerned when he saw her eyes squeeze shut, and when he saw a tear escape the corner of one eye, he stopped moving, halfway inside her.

"Chizuru?" he asked, trying to focus on her pain, but it was _really_ hard for him to do when he could feel nothing but heat squeezing him like a vise, beckoning him forward towards indescribable pleasure. She opened her eyes, giving him a comforting smile.

"Do it," she said, shifting her hands to his lower back and pushing down, encouraging him to move again. Souji couldn't resist and sheathed himself inside her in one firm push, joining them completely together. His head dropped to her shoulder, his breathing ragged.

"Chizuru," he said huskily after a moment, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," she said, turning her head to kiss his cheek. "It's getting better and betterâ€¦you can probably move now," she said, comfortably running her hands over his back. "How does it feel?"

Instead of responding with words, Souji turned his head to meet hers, pouring all of what he was feeling into his kiss. Chizuru's mind blanked momentarily as she was swept away on a wave of emotion. Souji tore his lips away, staring down at her with slightly frenzied emerald eyes.

"I don't thinkâ€¦this is going to last very long," he commented with a rough chuckle. In response, Chizuru wrapped her legs around his hips, causing him to shift deeper inside her. Souji bit back a

groan.

"It's okay; you can make it up to me later," she replied with a wink, and Souji smiled slyly before kissing her again, pulling his hips back in an experimental thrust. A lance of pleasure shot through him, and he quickly lost his composure, lips moving haphazardly over hers as the movements of his hips rapidly increased in tempo. The more Souji moved, the better Chizuru started to feel. _This is going to get better and better,_ she decided absently as she shifted her legs higher, giving Souji better ease of movement. Souji broke away from her lips, fastening his to the juncture of her neck and shoulder as he groaned, feeling himself change angles from her shifting. At that moment, Chizuru felt Souji hit something deep inside her, and she cried out from the unexpected burst of pleasure. Intrigued but too far gone to voice it, Souji bit down on her shoulder as he came, his shout of her name muffled against her skin. Chizuru felt warmth spread from her head to her toes before Souji collapsed atop her, completely spent. Chizuru resumed her pleasant caresses of his back, waiting for him to regain his senses. After another moment, he dropped a kiss to her shoulder, lifting his head to meet her eyes.

"I'm sorry that wasn't better," he said with a slight blush, cupping her cheek in his hand. Chizuru covered his hand with hers, brown eyes sparkling with love and affection.

"I liked it," she said, and she wasn't lying. Seeing Souji like thatâ€¦ "We have to do that again," she decided firmly.

Souji let out a bark of laughter before rolling to his side and taking her with him, holding her close. "I'm glad you think so," he said good-naturedly, "I was hoping we could do that more than once in our lives."

Chizuru smacked him playfully, and he chuckled in response before the two lapsed into a comfortable silence, reflecting on what had just happened. "Neâ€¦ Chizuru?" Souji asked after a moment.

"Hmm?"

"At the very end, you seemed moreâ€¦ affected byâ€¦ me," he said delicately, not wanting to embarrass her, "What happened?"

Chizuru blushed anyway. "I don't know," she said honestly, "but something feltâ€¦ different when I moved my hips, and it felt _really_ good," she explained thoughtfully. "It doesn't make sense to me either; it was only for a moment, soâ€¦ _woah!_" her sentence ended in a squeak as Souji abruptly flipped them back over to their original position on the futon. She could feel his arousal slowly growing against her leg once again.

"Well, if something doesn't make sense to either of us, I guess we'd better try again, right?" Souji commented, a spark of something mischievous appearing in his emerald eyes. "The sooner, the better, I think. How else will we learn?"

"Butâ€¦ now?" Chizuru asked, although she was already wrapping her legs back around his waist, "Don't you want to rest?"

"Not really," Souji replied, a slow, crooked grin growing on his

lips, "Not when we have so much practicing and learning to do. Besides, I said I'd make it up to you, didn't I?" He punctuated his question with a steamy kiss. Chizuru gasped as she felt him at her entrance once again. "And I'm nothing if not a man of my wordâ€¦" he trailed off with a devastating smile. She laughed, but she couldn't hold back a small wince as he started to push inside her again.

Souji froze in sudden realization. "Do you want to rest?" he asked in concern, his playful tone completely disappearing, "We really don't have to do this now; we can wait if you're sore, reallyâ€¦"

Souji stopped making sounds when Chizuru's hips rocked forward, resheathing him inside her. "I'm fine," she said emphatically, cupping his face in both hands, "It hurts a little, I admit, but it's nothing that I can't handle." A slow grin of her own spread across her lips, and her brown eyes took on a sultry gleam. "Okay?"

"Got it," Souji replied, his voice dropping lower, words laced with desire.

"Then love me Souji," she commanded playfully, hands twining behind his neck.

Souji chuckled. "Your wish is my command," he said before sealing his lips over hers in a fiery kiss.

-((The End!))-

Yay! Souji. ::giggle:: It was fun to write a nervous Souji. Because even if he was nervous, he'd still cover it up with his playful assbattery, and it was really interesting to write with him bouncing from sincere to playful to still-playful-but-I'm-hiding-that-I'm-nervous playful and back to sincere and so on. Eee!

I hope you liked it; please review!

Thank you for reading!

~freaky-hanyou

End
file.